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Poetry.

Original.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

BY C. S.

Yield not to temptation : be steady and strong
To resist every motive that leads thee to wrong :
Thy soul's immortality ne'er was conferred,
But to live to the Truth, and comply with its Word.

Yield not to temptation : be firm as the rock
Whose petrified summit withstands the rude shock,
Though billows of discord may roll at its side,
And mad, lashing surges, grow strong with the tide.

Yield not to temptation : choose not in thy heart
The joys of the moment which quickly depart ;
But prefer lasting bliss which shall never decay,
When ages unnumbered have passed slow away.

Yield not to temptation : by agony wrung,
And though round thee mantle of darkness is flung;
As a jewel, more bright from the Chemist's assay,
Thou wilt turn from the trial, more perfect, away.

Yield not to temptation : a mightier arm
Than thine will protect thee and shield thee from
harm ;
He who hushed the wild fury and rage of the sea,
Will settle thy bosom quiescent for thee.

Yield not to temptation : one error may prove
A burden regret nor remorse can remove ;
While it urges thee on to persist in thy sin,
Till the vortex of woe shall engulf thee within.

Yield not to temptation ; and God will approve,
And imprint on thy brow the warm kiss of his love ;
For the Tempter hath planted full many a snare,
Which the wakeful elude by their wisdom and
prayer.

POMPEY, July 21st, 1849.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer ;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid ;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, white and mute ;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
O, God ! if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and our purest one ;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we ?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven ?

The soul is like water—it will find its own
level ; and we may put perfect faith in this level
as being the true index of the height of the
fountain. If the level is not what we think it
ought to be, do not let us complain, and say
“there are obstructions in the way.” Let us
first *increase and heighten the fountain head.*
There lies the true difficulty—almost the whole
difficulty.

“Do you see anything ridiculous about this
wig ?” said a young gentleman to Curran.—
“Nothing,” said Curran, “but the head in it.”

Tales.

GREY DOLPHIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

“He won't—won't he ? Then bring me my
boots !” said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle
of Shurland—a caitiff had dared to disobey
the Baron ! and—the Baron had called for his
boots !

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a
bagatelle to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had
been wrought in the neighborhood ; and in
those times, miracles were not so common as
they are now—no Royal Balloons, no steam,
no railroads,—while the few Saints who took
the trouble to walk with their heads under
their arms, to pull the Devil by the nose,
scarcely appeared above once in a century :—
so it made the greater sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the
Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points
preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed : a half
emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his el-
bow, the roasted crab yet floating on its sur-
face. Midnight had surprised the worthy
functionary while occupied in discussing it,
and with the task yet unaccomplished. He
meditated a mighty draught : one hand was
fumbling with his tags, while the other was
extended in the act of grasping the forum,
when a knock on the portal, solemn and sono-
rous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated
thrice ere Emanuel Saddleton had presence of
mind sufficient to inquire who sought admit-
tance at that untimely hour.

“Open ! open ! good Clerk of St. Bridget's,”
said a female voice, small, yet distinct and
sweet,—“an excellent thing in woman.”

The clerk arose, crossed to the doorway,
and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a lady of surpassing
beauty ; her robes were rich, and large, and
full ; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that
shed a halo around, crowned her brow : she
beckoned the clerk as he stood in astonishment
before her.

“Emanuel !” said the lady ; and her tones
sounded like those of a silver flute. “Eman-
uel Saddleton, truss up your points, and fol-
low me !”

The worthy clerk stared aghast at the vision; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile; no, there was no mistaking her; it was the blessed St. Bridget herself!

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night? and on such a night? for it was as dark as pitch, and, metaphorically speaking, "rained cats and dogs."

Emanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

"No matter for that," said the Saint, answering to his thought. "No matter for that, Emanuel Saddleton; only follow me, and you'll see."

The clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner-cupboard.

"O, never mind the lantern, Emanuel; you'll not want it: but you may bring a mattock and shovel." As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy as would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a "Hand of Glory," such a one as tradition tells us yet burns in Rochester Castle every St. Mark's Eve. Many are the daring individuals who have watched in Gundulph's Tower, hoping to find it, and the treasure it guards;—but none of them ever did.

"This way, Emanuel!" and a flame of peculiar radiance streamed from her little finger as it pointed to the pathway leading to the churchyard.

Saddleton shouldered his tools, and followed in silence.

The cemetery of St. Bridget's was some half-mile distant from the clerk's domicile, and adjoined a chapel dedicated to that illustrious lady, who, after leading but a so-so life, had died in the odour of sanctity. Emanuel Saddleton was fat and scant of breath, the mattock was heavy, and the saint walked too fast for him; he paused to take second wind at the end of the first furlong.

"Emanuel," said the holy lady good humoredly, for she heard him puffing, "rest a while, Emanuel, and I'll tell you what I want with you."

Her auditor wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and looked all attention and obedience.

"Emanuel," continued she, "what did you and Father Fothergill, and the rest of you, mean yesterday by burying that drowned man, so close to me? He died in mortal sin, Emanuel; no shrift, no unction, no absolution; why, he might as well have been excommunicated. He plagues me with his grinning, and I can't have any peace in my shrine. You must howk him up again, Emanuel!"

"To be sure, madam,—my lady,—that is your holiness," stammered Saddleton, trembling at the thought of the task assigned him. "To be sure, your ladyship; only—that is—"

"Emanuel," said the Saint, "you'll do my bidding; or it would be better you had!" and her eye changed from a dove's eye to that of a hawk, and a flash came from it as bright as the one from her little finger. The clerk shook in his shoes, and again dashing the cold perspiration from his brow, followed the footsteps of his mysterious guide.

The next morning all Chatham was in an uproar. The Clerk of St. Bridget's had found himself at home at daybreak, seated in his own arm-chair, the fire out, and—the tankard of ale quite exhausted. Who had drank it? Where had he been? How had he got home?—all was a mystery: he remembered "a mass of things, but nothing distinctly;" all was fog and fantasy. What he could clearly recollect was, that he had dug up the grinning sailor, and that the Saint had helped to throw him into the river again. All was thenceforth wonderment and devotion. Masses were sung, tapers were kindled, bells were tolled; the monks of St. Romuald had a solemn procession, the abbot at their head, the sacristan at their tail, and the holy breeches of St. Thomas-a-Becket in the center; Father Fothergill brewed a XXX puncheon of holy-water. The Rood of Gallingham was deserted; the chapel of Rainham forsaken; every one who had a soul to be saved flocked with his offering to St. Bridget's shrine, and Emanuel Saddleton gathered more fees from the promiscuous piety of that one week than he had pocketed during the twelve preceding months.

Meanwhile the corpse of the ejected reprobate oscillated like a pendulum between Sheerness and Gallingham Reach. Now borne by the Medway into the Western Swale, now carried by the reflux tide back to the vicinity of its old quarters, it seemed as though the River god and Neptune were amusing themselves with a game of subaqueous battledore, and had chosen this unfortunate carcass as a marine shuttlecock. For some time the alternation was kept up with great spirit, till Boreas, interfering in the shape of a stiffish "Nor'-wester," drifted the bone (and flesh) of contention ashore on the Shurland domain, where it lay in all the majesty of mud. It was soon discovered by the retainers, and dragged from its oozy bed, grinning worse than ever. Tidings of the god-send were of course carried instantly to the castle, for the Baron was a very great man; and if a dun cow had flown across his property unannounced by the warder, the Baron would have kicked him, the said warder, from the topmost battlement into the bottommost ditch,—a descent of peril, and one which "Ludwig the leaper," or the illustrious Trenk himself might well have shrunk from encountering.

"An't, please your lordship—" said Peter Periwinkle.

"No, villain! it does not please me?" roared the Baron.

His lordship was deeply engaged with a peck of Feversham oysters,—he doted on shellfish, hated interruption at meals, and had not yet despatched more than twenty dozen of the "natives."

"There's a body, my lord, washed ashore in the lower creek," said the seneschal.

The Baron was going to throw the shells at his head; but paused in the act, and said with much dignity.

"Turn out the fellow's pockets!"

But the defunct had before been subjected to the double scrutiny of Father Fothergill and the Clerk of St. Bridget's. It was ill gleaning after such hands; there was not a single marvel.

We have already said that Sir Ralph de

Shurland, Lord of the Isle of Sheppey, and of many a fair manor on the main-land, was a man of worship. He had rights of freewarren, saccage and soekage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe and outfang theofe; and all waifs and strays belonged to him in fee simple.

"Turn out his pockets!" said the Knight.

"Please you, my lord, I must say as how they was turned out afore, and the deuce a rap's left."

"Then bury the blackguard!"

"Please your lordship, he has been buried once."

"Then bury him again, and be —!" The Baron bestowed a benediction.

The seneschal bowed low as he left the room, and the Baron went on with his oysters.

Scarce ten dozen more had vanished when Periwinkle reappeared.

"An't please you, my lord, Father Fothergill says as how that it's the Grinning Sailor, and he won't bury him anyhow."

"O! he won't—won't he?" said the Baron. Can it be wondered at that he called for his boots?

Sir Ralph de Shurland, Lord of Shurland and Minister, Baron of Sheppey in *comitatu* Kent, was, as has been before hinted, a very great man. He was also a very little man; that is, he was relatively great and relatively little,—or physically little and metaphorically great,—like Sir Sidney Smith and the late Mr. Bonaparte. To the frame of dwarf he united the soul of a giant and the valor of a gamecock. Then, for so small a man, his strength was prodigious; his fist would fell an ox, and his kick—O! his kick was tremendous, and, when he had his boots on, would,—to use an expression of his own, which he had picked up in the holy wars,—would send a man from Jericho to June. He was bull-necked and bandy-legged; his chest was broad and deep, his head large, and uncommonly thick, his eyes a little bloodshot, and his nose *retroousse* with a remarkably red tip. Strictly speaking, the Baron could not be called handsome; but his *tout ensemble* was singularly impressive; and when he called for his boots, everybody trembled, and dreaded the worst.

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, as he encased his better leg, "let the grave be twenty feet deep!"

"Your lordship's command is law."

"And, Periwinkle,"—Sir Ralph stamped his left heel into its receptacle,—and, Periwinkle, see that it be wide enough to hold not exceeding two?"

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

"And, Periwinkle,—tell Father Fothergill I would fain speak with his reverence."

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

The Baron's beard was picked, and his moustaches, stiff and stumpy, projected horizontally like those of a Tom-cat; he twirled the one, stroked the other, drew the buckle of his surcingle a thought tighter, and strode down the great staircase three steps at a stride.

The vassals were assembled in the great hall of Shurland Castle; every cheek was pale, every tongue was mute, expectation and perplexity were visible on every brow. What would his lordship do? Were the recusant anybody else, gyves to the heels and hemp to

the throat were but too good for him; but it was Father Fothergill who had said "I won't;" and, though the Baron was a very great man, the Pope was a greater, and the Pope was Father Fothergill's great friend—some people said he was his uncle.

Father Fothergill was busy in the refectory trying conclusions with a venison pastry, when he received the summons of his patron to attend him in the chapel cemetery. Of course he lost no time in obeying it, for obedience was the general rule in Shurland Castle. If anybody ever said "I won't," it was the exception; and, like all other exceptions, only proved the rule the stronger. The Father was a friar of the Augustine persuasion; a brotherhood which, having been planted in Kent some few centuries earlier, had taken very kindly to the soil, and overspread the country much as hops did some few centuries later. He was plump and portly, a little thick-winded, especially after dinner, stood five feet four in his sandals, and weighed hard upon eighteen stone. He was, moreover a personage of singular piety; and the iron girdle, which, he said, he wore under his cassock to mortify withal, might have been well mistaken for the tire of a cart-wheel. When he arrived, Sir Ralph was pacing up and down by the side of a newly-opened grave.

"*Benedicite!* fair son,"—(the Baron was as brown as a cigar,)—"Benedicite!" said the chaplain.

The Baron was too angry to stand upon compliment,—*"Bury me that grinning cat-tiff there!"* quoth he, pointing to the defunct.

"It may not be, fair son," said the friar; "he hath perished without absolution."

"Bury the body!" roared Sir Ralph.

"Water and earth alike reject him," returned the chaplain; "holy St. Bridget herself—"

"Bridget me no Bridgets! do me thine office quickly, Sir Shaveling; or, by the piper that played before Moses!—" The oath was a fearful one; and whenever the Baron swore to do mischief, he was never known to perjure himself. He was playing with the hilt of his sword.—*"Do me thine office, I say.—Give him his passport to heaven!"*

"He is already gone to hell!" stammered the friar.

"Then do you go after him!" thundered the Lord of Shurland.

His sword half leaped from its scabbard.—No! the trenchant blade that had cut Suleiman, Ben Malek, Ben Backskin from helmet to chine disdained to daub itself with the cerebellum of a miserable monk: it leaped back again; and as the chaplain, scared at its flash, turned him in terror, the Baron gave him a kick!—one kick!—it was but one!—but such a one! Despite its obesity, up flew his holy body in an angle of forty-five degrees; then, having reached its highest point of elevation, sunk headlong into the open grave that yawned to receive it. If the reverend gentleman had possessed a neck, he had infallibly broken it; as he did not, he only dislocated his vertebrae,—but that did quite as well. He was as dead as ditch-water.

"In with the other rascal!" said the Baron, and he was obeyed; for there he stood in his boots. Mattock and shovel made short of it; twenty feet of superincumbent mold pressed

down alike the saint and the sinner. "Now sing a requiem who list!" said the Baron, and his lordship went back to his oysters.

The vassals at Castle Shurland were astounded, or as the seneschal Hugh better expressed it, "perfectly conglomerated," by this event. What! murder a monk in the odor of sanctity,—and on consecrated ground too! They trembled for the health of the Baron's soul. To the unsophisticated many, it seemed that the matter could not have been much worse had he shot a bishop's coach-horse;—All looked for some signal judgment. The melancholy catastrophe of their neighbors at Canterbury was yet rife in their memories: not two centuries had elapsed since those miserable sinners had cut off the tail of St. Thomas's mule. The tail of the mule, it was well known, had been forthwith affixed to that of the mayor; and rumor said it had since been hereditary in the corporation. The least that could be expected was, that Sir Ralph should have a friar tacked on to his for the term of his natural life! Some bolder spirits there were, 'tis true, who viewed the matter in various lights, according to their different temperaments and dispositions; for perfect unanimity existed not even in the good old times. The verderer, roistering Hob Roebuck, swore roundly, "Twere as good a deed as eat to kick down the chapel as well as the monk." Hob had stood there in a white sheet for kissing Giles Miller's daughter. On the other hand, Simpkin Agnew, the bell-ringer, doubted if the devil's cellar, which runs under the bottomless abyss, were quite deep enough for the delinquent, and speculated on the probability of a hole being dug in it for his especial accommodation. The philosophers and economists thought with Saunders M'Bullock, the Baron's bagpiper, that "a feckless monk more or less was nae great subject for a clamjamphry," especially as "the supply considerably exceeded the demand;" while Malthouse, the tapster, was arguing to Dame Martin that a murder now and then was a seasonable check to population, without which the Isle of Sheppey would in time be devoured, like a mouldy cheese, by inhabitants of its own producing.—Meanwhile, the Baron ate his oysters, and thought no more of the matter.

But this tranquillity of his lordship was not to last. A couple of Saints had been seriously offended; and we have all of us read at school that celestial minds are by no means insensible to the provocations of anger. There were those who expected that St. Bridget would come in person, and have the friar up again as she did the sailor; but perhaps her ladyship did not care to trust herself within the walls of Shurland Castle. To say the truth, it was scarcely a decent house for a female Saint to be seen in. The Baron's gallantries, since he became a widower, had been but too notorious; and her own reputation was a little blown upon in the earlier days of her earthly pilgrimage; then things were so apt to be misrepresented: in short, she would leave the whole affair to St. Austin, who, being a gentleman, could interfere with propriety, avenge her affront as well as his own, and leave no loop-hole for scandal. St. Austin himself seems to have had his scruples, though of their precise nature it were difficult to determine, for it were idle to suppose him

at all afraid of the Baron's boots. Be this as it may, the mode which he adopted was at once prudent and efficacious. As an ecclesiastic, he could not well call the Baron out, had his boots been out of the question; so he resolved to have recourse to the law.—Instead of Shurland Castle, therefore, he repaired forthwith to his own magnificent monastery, situate just within the walls of Canterbury, and presented himself in a vision to its abbot. No one who has ever visited that ancient city can fail to recollect the splendid gateway which terminates the vista of St. Paul's street, and stands there yet in all its pristine beauty. The tiny train of miniature artillery which now adorns its battlements is, it is true, an ornament of a later date, and is said to have been added some centuries after by some learned but jealous proprietor, for the purpose of shooting any wiser man than himself who might chance to come that way. Tradition is silent as to any discharge having taken place, nor can the oldest inhabitant of modern days recollect any such occurrence. Here it was, in a handsome chamber, immediately over the lofty archway, that the superior of the monastery lay buried in a brief slumber, snatched from his accustomed vigils. His mitre—for he was a mitred abbot, and had a seat in parliament—rested on a table beside him; near it stood a silver flagon of Gascony wine, ready, no doubt, for the pious uses of the morrow. Fasting and watching had made him more than usually somnolent, than which nothing could have been better for the purpose of the Saint, who now appeared to him radiant in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Anselm!"—said the beatific vision,—Anselm! are you not a pretty fellow to lie snoring there, when your brethren are being knocked at head, and Mother Church herself is menaced! It is a sin and a shame, Anselm!"

"What's the matter?—Who are you?" cried the Abbot, rubbing his eyes, which the celestial splendor of his visiter had set a winking. "Aye Maria! St. Austin himself!—Speak, *Beatissime!* what would you with the humblest of your votaries?"

"Anselm!" said the Saint, "a brother of our order, whose soul Heaven assoilzie! hath been foully murdered. He hath been ignominiously kicked to the death, Anselm; and there he lieth cheek-by-jowl with a wretched carcass, which our sister Bridget has turned out of her cemetery for useemly grinning.—Arouse thee, Anselm!"

"Ay, so please you, *Sanctissime!*" said the Abbot; "I will order forthwith that thirty masses be said, thirty *Paters*, and thirty *Aves*."

"Thirty fools' heads!" interrupted his patron, who was a little peppery.

"I will send for bell, book, and candle."

"Send for an inkhorn, Anselm. Write me now a letter to his Holiness the Pope in good round terms, and another to the coroner, and another to the sheriff, and seize me the never-enough-to-be-anathematised villain who hath done this deed! Hang him as high as Haman, Anselm!—up with him!—down with his dwelling-place, root and branch, hearth-stone and roof-tree,—down with it all, and sow the site with salt and saw dust!"

St. Austin, it will be perceived, was a radical reformer.

"Marry will I," quoth the Abbot, warming with the Saint's eloquence; "ay, marry will I, and that *instantly*. But there is one thing you have forgotten, most Beatified—the name of the culprit."

"Ralph de Shurland."

"The Lord of Sheppey! Bless me!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "won't that be rather inconvenient? Sir Ralph is a bold baron and a powerful; blows will come and go, and crowns will be cracked,—and —"

"What is that to you, since yours will not be of the number?"

"Very true, *Beatissime!* I will don me with speed, and do your bidding."

"Do so, Anselm!—fail not to hang the baron, burn his castle, confiscate his estate, and buy me two large wax-candles for my own particular shrine out of your share of the property."

With this solemn injunction the vision began to fade.

"One thing more!" cried the Abbot, grasping his rosary.

"What is that?" asked the Saint.

"O *Beate Augustine, ora pro nobis!*"

"Of course I shall," said St. Austin. "*Pax vobiscum!*"—and Abbot Anselm was left alone.

Within an hour all Canterbury was in commotion. A friar had been murdered,—two friars—ten—twenty; a whole convent had been assaulted,—sacked,—burnt,—all the monks had been killed, and all the nuns had been kissed! Murder!—fire!—sacrilege!—Never was the city in such an uproar. From St. George's gate to St. Dunstan's suburb, from the Donjon to the borough of Staplegate, all was noise and hubbub. "Where was it?"—"When was it?"—"How was it?" The Mayor caught up his chain, the Aldermen donned their furred gowns, the Town-clerk put on his spectacles, "Who was he?"—"What was he?"—"Where was he?"—he should be hanged,—he should be burned,—he should be broiled,—he should be fried,—he should be scraped to death with red-hot oyster-shells! "Who was he?"—"What was his name?"

"The Abbot's Apparitor drew forth his roll and read aloud: "Sir Ralph de Shurland, Knight banneret, Baron of Shurland and Minister, and Lord of Sheppey."

The Mayor put his chain in his pocket, the Aldermen took off their gowns, the Town-clerk put his pen behind his ear.—It was a county business altogether; the Sheriff had better call out the *posse comitatus*.

While saints and sinners were thus leaguely eating his breakfast. He had passed a tranquil night, undisturbed by dreams of cowl or capuchin; nor was his appetite more affected than his conscience. On the contrary, he sat rather longer over his meal than usual; luncheon-time came, and he was ready as ever for his oysters; but scarcely had Dame Martin opened his first half-dozen when the warder's horn was heard from the barbi-can.

"Who the deuce is that?" said Sir Ralph. "I'm not at home, Periwinkle. I hate to be

disturbed at meals, and I won't be at home to anybody."

"An't please your lordship," answered the seneschal, "Paul Prior hath given notice that there is a body —"

"Another body!" roared the Baron. "Am I to be everlastingly plagued with bodies?—No time allowed me to swallow a morsel.—Throw it into the moat!"

"So please you, my lord, it is a body of horse,—and—and Paul says there is a still larger body of foot behind it; and he thinks, my lord,—that is, he does not know, but he thinks—and we all think, my lord, that they are coming to—to besiege the castle!"

"Besiege the castle! Who? What? What for?"

"Paul says, my lord, that he can see the banner of St. Austin, and the bleeding heart of Hamo de Crevecœur, the abbot's chief vassal; and there is John de Northwood, the sheriff, with his red-cross engrailed; and Hever, and Leybourne, and Heaven knows how many more; and they are all coming on as fast as ever they can."

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, "up with the drawbridge; down with the portecullis; bring me a cup of canary, and my nightcap. I won't be bothered with them. I shall go to bed."

"To bed, my lord!" cried Periwinkle, with a look that seemed to say, "He's crazy."

At this moment the shrill tones of a trumpet were heard to sound thrice from the campaign. It was the signal for parley; the Baron changed his mind; instead of going to bed, he went to the ramparts.

"Well, rascallions! and what now?" said the Baron.

A herald, two pursuivants, and a trumpeter, occupied the foreground of the scene; behind them, some three hundred paces off, upon a rising ground, was drawn up in battle-array the main body of the ecclesiastical forces.

"Hear you, Ralph de Shurland, Knight, Baron of Shurland and Minister, and Lord of Sheppey, and know all men, by these presents, that I do hereby attach you, the said Ralph, of murder and sacrilege, now, or of late, done and committed by you, the said Ralph, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity; and I do hereby require and charge you, the said Ralph, to forthwith surrender and give up your own proper person, together with the castle of Shurland aforesaid, in order that the same may be duly dealt with according to law. And here standeth John de Northwood, Esquire, good man and true, sheriff of this, his majesty's most loyal county of Kent, to enforce the same, if need be, with his *posse comitatus*."

"His what?" said the Baron.

"His *posse comitatus*, and —"

"Go to Bath!" said the Baron.

A defiance so contemptuous roused the ire of the adverse commanders. A volley of missiles rattled about the Baron's ears. Night-caps avail little against contusions. He left the walls, and returned to the great hall.

"Let them pelt away," quoth the Baron; "there are no windows to break, and they can't get in." So he took his afternoon nap, and the siege went on.

Towards evening his lordship awoke, and grew tired of the din. Guy Pearson, too, had got a black eye from a brickbat, and the assailants were clambering over the outer wall. So the Baron called for his Sunday hauberk of Milan steel, and his great two-handed sword with the terrible name,—it was the fashion in feudal times to give names to swords; King Arthur's was christened Excalibar; the Baron called his Tickletohy, and whenever he took it in hand it was no joke.

"Up with the portecullis! down with the bridge!" said Sir Ralph; and out he sallied, followed by the *elite* of his retainers. Then there was a pretty to-do. Heads flew one way—arms and legs another; round went Tickletohy, and, wherever it alighted, down came horse and man; the Baron excelled himself that day. All that he had done in Palestine faded in the comparison; he had fought for fun there, but now it was for life and lands. Away went John de Northwood; away went William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne. Hamo de Crevecœur, with the church vassals and the banner of St. Austin, had been gone some time. The siege was raised, and the Lord of Sheppey left alone in his glory.

But, brave as the Baron undoubtedly was, and total as had been the defeat of his enemies, it cannot be supposed that *La Stocato* would be allowed to carry it away thus. It has before been hinted that Abbot Anselm had written to the Pope, and Boniface the Eighth piqued himself on his punctuality as a correspondent in all matters connected with church discipline. He sent back an answer by return of post; and by it all Christian people were strictly enjoined to aid in exterminating the offender, on pain of the greater excommunication in this world, and a million of years of purgatory in the next. But then, again, Boniface the Eighth was rather at a discount in England just then. He had affronted Longshanks, as the loyal lieges had nick-named their monarch; and Longshanks had been rather sharp upon the clergy in consequence. If the Baron de Shurland could but get the King's pardon for what in his cooler moments he admitted to be a peccadillo, he might sniff at the Pope, and bid him "do his devilmost."

Fortune, who, as the poet says, delights to favor the bold, stood his friend on this occasion. Edward had been, for some time, collecting a large force on the coast of Kent, to carry on his French wars for the recovery of Guienne; he was expected shortly to review it in person; but then, the troops lay principally in cantonments about the mouth of the Thames, and his majesty was to come down by water. What was to be done?—the royal barge was in sight, and John de Northwood and Hamo de Crevecœur had broken up all the boats to boil their camp kettles. A truly great mind is never without resources.

"Bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

They brought him his boots, and his dapple-grey steed along with them. Such a courser! all blood and bone, short-backed, broad-chested, and, but that he was a little ewe-necked, faultless in form and figure. The Baron sprang upon his back, and dashed at once into the river.

The barge which carried Edward Longshanks and his fortunes had by this time near-

ly reached the Nore; the stream was broad and the current strong, but Sir Ralph and his steed were almost as broad, and stronger.—After breasting the time gallantly for a couple of miles, the Knight was near enough to hail the steersman:

"What have we got here?" said the king. "It's a mermaid," said one. "It's a grampus," said another. "It's the devil," said a third.—But they were all wrong; it was only Ralph de Shurland. "Grammercy," quoth the king, "that fellow was never born to be drowned!"

It has been said before that the Baron had fought in the holy wars; in fact, he had accompanied Longshanks, when only heir-apparent, in his expedition twenty-five years before, although his name is unaccountably omitted by Sir Harris Nicholas in his list of crusaders. He had been present at Acre when Amirand of Joppa stabbed the prince with a poisoned dagger, and had lent Princess Eleanor his own toothbrush after she had sucked out the venom from the wound. He had slain certain Saracens, contented himself with his own plunder, and never dunned the commissariat for arrears of pay. Of course he ranked high in Edward's good graces, and had received the honor of knighthood at his hands on the field of battle.

In one so circumstanced it cannot be supposed that such a trifle as the killing a frowzy friar would be much resented, even had he not taken so bold a measure to obtain his pardon. His petition was granted, of course, as soon as asked; and so it would have been had the indictment drawn up by the Canterbury town-clerk, viz: "That he, the said Ralph de Shurland, &c., had then and there, with several, to wit, one thousand, pair of boots, given sundry, to wit, two thousand, kicks, and therewith and thereby killed divers, to wit, ten thousand, Austin friars," been true to the letter.

Thrice did the gallant Grey circumnavigate the barge, while Robert de Winchelsey, the chancellor, and archbishop to boot, was making out, albeit with great reluctance, the royal pardon. The interval was sufficiently long to enable his majesty, who, gracious as he was, had always an eye to business, just to hint that the gratitude he felt towards the Baron was not unmingled with a lively sense of services to come; and that, if life was now spared him, common decency must oblige him to make himself useful. Before the archbishop, who had scalded his fingers with the wax in affixing the great seal, had time to take them out of his mouth, all was settled, and the Baron de Shurland, *cum suis*, had pledged himself to be forthwith in readiness to accompany his liege lord to Guienne.

With the royal pardon secured in his vest, boldly did his lordship turn again to the shore; and as boldly did his courser oppose his breadth of chest to the stream. It was a work of no common difficulty or danger; a steed of less "mettle and bone" had long since sunk in the effort; as it was, the Baron's boots were full of water, and Grey Dolphin's chamfrain more than once dipped beneath the wave. The convulsive snorts of the noble animal showed his distress; each instant they became more loud and frequent; when his hoof touched the strand, and "the horse and his rider" stood again in safety on the shore.

Rapidly dismounting, the Baron was loosening the girths of his demi-pique, to give the panting animal breath, when he was aware of as ugly an old woman as he ever clapped his eyes upon, peeping at him under the horse's belly.

"Make much of your steed, Ralph Shurland! Make much of your steed!" cried the hag, shaking at him her long and bony finger.—"Groom to the hide, and corn to the manger. He has saved your life, Ralph Shurland, for the nonce; but he shall yet be the means of your losing it, for all that!"

The Baron started; "What's that you say, you old faggot?" He ran round by his horse's tail; the woman was gone!

The Baron paused; his great soul was not to be shaken by trifles; he looked around him, and solemnly ejaculated the word "Humbug!" then, slinging the bridle across his arm, walked slowly on in the direction of the castle.

The appearance, and still more, the disappearance of the crone, had however made an impression; every step he took he became more thoughtful. "I would be deuced provoking though, if he *should* break my neck after all!" He turned, and gazed at Dolphin with the scrutinizing eye of a veterinary surgeon. "I'll be shot if he is not groggy!" said the Baron.

With his lordship, like another great Commander, "Once to be in doubt, was once to be resolved;" it would never do to go to the wars on a rickety pad. He dropped the rein, drew forth Tickletooby, and, as the enfranchised Dolphin, good easy horse, stretched out his ewe-neck to the herbage, struck off his head at a single blow. "There, you lying old bel-dame!" said the Baron; "now take him away to the knackers."

* * * * *

Three years were come and gone. King Edward's French wars were over; both parties, having fought till they came to a standstill, shook hands; and the quarrel, as usual, was patched up by a royal marriage. This happy event gave his majesty leisure to turn his attention to Scotland, where things, through the intervention of William Wallace, were looking rather queerish. As his reconciliation with Philip now allowed of his fighting the Scotch in peace and quietness, the monarch lost no time in marching his long legs across the border, and the short ones of the Baron followed him of course. At Falkirk, Tickletooby was in great request; and, in the year following, we find a contemporary poet hinting at its master's prowess under the walls of Caerlaverock,

*O bec eus fu achiminez
Li beau Rafe de Shurlande
Ki kant seoit sur le cheval
Ne sembloit home ke someille.*

A quatrain which Mr. Simpkinson translates,

"With them was marching
The good Ralph de Shurland,
Who, when seated on horseback,
Does not resemble a man asleep!"

So thoroughly awake, indeed, does he seem to have proved himself, that the bard subsequently exclaims, in an ecstasy of admiration.

*Si ie estoie une puceVette
Je li donroie ceur et cors
Tant est de lu bons li recors.*

"If I were a young maiden,
I would give him my heart and person,
So great is his fame!"

Fortunately the poet was a tough old monk of Exeter; since such a present to a nobleman, now in his grand climacteric, would hardly have been worth the carriage. With the reduction of this stronghold of the Maxwells seem to have concluded the Baron's military services; as on the very first day of the fourteenth century we find him once more landed on his native shore, and marching, with such of his retainers as the wars had left him, towards the hospitable shelter of Shurland Castle. It was then, upon that very beach, some hundred yards distant from high-water mark, that his eye fell upon something like an ugly old woman in a red cloak. She was seated on what seemed to be a large stone, in an interesting attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin upon her thumbs. The Baron started; the remembrance of his interview with a similar personage in the same place, some three years since, flashed upon his recollection. He rushed towards the spot, but the form was gone; nothing remained but the seat it had appeared to occupy. This, on examination, turned out to be no stone, but the whitened skull of a dead horse. A tender remembrance of the deceased Grey Dolphin shot a momentary pang into the Baron's bosom; he drew the back of his hand across his face; the thought of the hag's prediction in an instant rose, and banished all softer emotions. In utter contempt of his own weakness, yet with a tremor that deprived his redoubtable kick of half its wonted force, he spurned the relic with his foot. One word alone issued from his lips elucidatory of what was passing in his mind,—it long remained imprinted on the memory of his faithful followers,—that word was "Gammon!" The skull bounded across the beach till it reached the very margin of the stream;—one instant more, and it would be engulfed for ever. At that moment a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" was distinctly heard by the whole train to issue from its bleached and toothless jaws; it sank beneath the flood in a horse-laugh!

Meanwhile Sir Ralph de Shurland felt an odd sort of sensation in his right foot. His boots had suffered in the wars. Great pains had been taken for their preservation. They had been "soled" and "heeled" more than once;—had they been "galoshed," their owner might have defied Fate! Well has it been said that "there is no such thing as a trifle." A nobleman's life depended upon a question of ninepence.

The Baron marched on; the uneasiness in his foot increased. He plucked off his boot; a horse's tooth was sticking in his great toe!

The result may be anticipated. Lame as he was, his lordship, with characteristic decision, would hobble on to Shurland; his walk increased the inflammation; a flagon of *aqua vite* did not mend matters. He was in a high fever; he took to his bed. Next morning the toe presented the appearance of a Bedfordshire carrot; by dinner time it had deepened to beet-root; and when Bargrave, the leech, at last sliced it off, the gangrene was too confirm-

ed to admit of remedy. Dame Martin thought it high time to send for his Margaret, who, ever since her mother's death, had been living with her maternal aunt, the abbess, in the Ursuline convent of Greenwich. The young lady came, and with her came one Master Ingoldsby, her cousin-german by the mother's side; but the Baron was too far gone in the dead-thraw to recognise either. He died as he lived, unconquered and unconquerable.—His last words were—"Tell the old hag to go to —" Whither remains a secret. He expired without fully articulating the place of her destination.

But who and what was the crone who prophesied the catastrophe? Ay, "that is the mystery of this wonderful history." Some said it was Dame Fothergill, the late confessor's mama; others, St. Bridget herself; others thought it was nobody at all, but only a phantom conjured up by Conscience. As we do not know, we decline giving an opinion.

And what became of the Clerk of Chatham? Mr. Simpkinson avers that he lived to a good old age, and was at last hanged by Jack Cade, with his inkhorn about his neck, for "setting boys copies." In support of this he adduces his name "Emanuel," and refers to the historian Shakspeare. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, considers it to be what he calls one of Mr. Simpkinson's "Anacreonisms," inasmuch as, at the introduction of Mr. Cade's reform measure, the clerk would have been hard upon two hundred years old. The probability is, that the unfortunate alluded to was his great-grandson.

Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby; her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish, betraying as it were, a touch of the old Baron's temperament; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband. She brought him a very pretty fortune in chains, owches, and Saracen ear-rings; the barony, being a male fief, reverted to the crown.

In the abbey-church at Minster may yet be seen the tomb of a recumbent warrior, clad in the chain-mail of the 13th century. His hands are clasped in prayer; his legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern days, bespeak him a soldier of the faith in Palestine. Close to his great-toe, lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head; and a respectable elderly lady, as she shows the monument, fails not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathising tear to the memory of poor "Grey Dolphin!"

KEEN SATIRE.—The Cleveland Herald, giving an account of a public execution, says that "hundreds were present in women's clothes."

DEFINITIONS.—Memory: A bundle of dried time. Castle in the Air: A structure which usually consoles the architect for a hovel on earth. Dark Ages: A long night, with many thieves about and few policemen.—*Punch*.

A FLOWER FOR THE HEART.—A wife full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Religious.

We insert the following as the most concise exposition of one species of sectarian belief, which we have met with, and believing it will be acceptable to all persuasions.—*Eds. Lit. Union*.

UNIVERSALISTS AND THEIR FAITH.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

In your last paper, while discussing the relations of Unitarians to Universalists, you say:

"We are open to correction, and desire to be told what the prevailing opinion of Universalists is in regard to Universal Salvation."

You will doubtless have several responses to this request. Allow me, as one Unitarian-Universalist, to state what I understand to be the "prevailing opinion" of Universalists on this deeply interesting theme:

1. I understand the being, providence and attributes of God to be the first truth revealed in the Scriptures, while the second is His purpose "in the dispensation of the fulness of times to gather together in one all things in Christ." (Eph. i. 10.)

2. I believe the Scriptures plainly to reveal that God "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth," and that Christ "gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." (1 Tim. ii. 4—6.)

3. I believe that the ultimate reconciliation of the whole human family to God was strongly intimated in the Divine prediction, that "the seed of the woman" should "bruise the serpent's head," (Gen. iii. 15;) more distinctly made known in the promise, at the calling of Abraham, (Gen. xii. 3,) that "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed;" vividly typified in the salvation of the whole family of Jacob, through the means of Joseph, whom his brethren had sold into bondage, (Gen. xlv. 5;) very clearly declared by the greater prophets, and especially by Isaiah, who foresees that God "will swallow up death in victory, and wipe away tears from off all faces," (Isaiah xxv. 8; see the context;) and again (Isa. xlv. 22—25,) where God is recorded as saying, "I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear. Surely shall one* say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

Not to weary you with texts, I will thank you to look carefully at Christ's declarations respecting the resurrection, (Matt. xxii. 30;) the total extirpation, of error, false doctrines, &c., (Matt. xv. 13;) the consequences of his own resurrection, (John xii. 32;) the absolute coextensiveness of salvation through Christ, with the necessity for it, (Rom. v. 12—21;) the delivery of the whole creation from the bondage of corruption, (Rom. viii. 19—21;) the determinate purpose of God, through Christ, "to reconcile all things to himself," (Colos. i. 19—21;) and the final and utter discomfiture of death and corruption as vividly portrayed by Paul, in 1 Corinth. xv. 20—28, 42—57.

4. I will not tax your attention farther, tho' I have not alluded to nearly all the passages which seem to me pertinent and conclusive.—The point to which I would call your attention

* It hardly needed the translator's Italics to tell the intelligent reader that this word *one* is an interpolation.

is not that of the directness and plainness of the Scripture testimony in support of the ultimate reconciliation of all beings to God's holy will; but the prominence and emphasis given by the prophets and apostles to this grandest of revealed truths. They did not seem to share the modern apprehension that, though it might be true, it would, nevertheless, be dangerous to teach it, an idea expressly combated by Paul in Rom. i. 6; but they all seemed animated by the spirit of the angel who announced the birth of Christ to the shepherds, (Luke ii. 10,) and proclaimed the mission and message of the Saviour as "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." It does seem to us that the elimination from the Scriptures, of those passages which directly teach or necessarily imply the universality of salvation and final holiness through Christ, would be to subtract much of the spirit and vitality from the volume, and leave it like "the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted."

5. But what do Universalists think of future retribution?

So far as I know, they generally regard it of primary importance and beneficence that all sin should be surely and adequately punished, and believe this must take place prior to the consummation of all things in universal submission to God. All agree that no sin can be permitted to pass unpunished. And, while there are many among them who do not understand that there will be penal fires and positive inflictions of pain in the life beyond the grave, I think nearly or quite all believe that the obstinately, persistently wicked in this world, will suffer loss thereby in the future life. Judas or Pilate can hardly need immersion in sulphurous flames to make them regret their agency in crucifying the Saviour of mankind. I, for one, do not believe these can enjoy hereafter a happiness or glory equal to that of John or Paul, no matter how freely and heartily they may be forgiven.

6. Being agreed respecting the principles of the Divine Government, with the objects and the certainty of punishment for sin, I think few Universalists are inclined to differ, much less to divide, on the questions of *where* and *when* such punishment may be inflicted. It suffices them to know that it will be inflicted wherever and so long as the highest good of the universe shall dictate.

7. Now as to relations with other believers in the Gospel:

I think the great mass of Universalists regret the middle walls of partition which have been built up between Christians. It is their consolation that they have had no hand in their construction. Universalists never excommunicated nor withdrew fellowship from brother Christians, because they were not Universalists. They were originally, both in ancient and modern times, members of Christian churches, both Orthodox and Heretical, in common with believers in endless misery, in annihilation, and in the vagueness or silence of Revelation on this important point. They are now a distinct people, because others have seen fit to have it so. I presume they will generally and heartily prefer to walk together with other Christians, so far as they are agreed, whenever they may be permitted to do so without being required to surrender, conceal or begot the great truth that the Saviour of our

race "shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." Farther they cannot go.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Scientific.

A Lost Art.

The most remarkable Chinese porcelain is the Kiasing, or azure pressed; the secret of its manufacture has been lost, but the specimens which are preserved are of inestimable value. The art was that of tracing figures on the china which are invisible until the vessel is filled with liquid. The porcelain is of the very thinnest description, almost as thin as an egg-shell. It is said that the application in tracing these figures is internal, and not by external painting, as in ordinary manufacture, and that after such tracing was made, and when it was perfectly dry, a very thin covering or coating was laid over it of the same paste of which the vessel had been formed, and thus the painting lay between two coatings of china ware. When the internal coating became sufficiently dry they oiled it over, and shortly after, placed it in a mold and scraped the exterior of the vessel as thin as possible without penetrating to the painting and then baked it in the oven. It is evident that if such be the mode adopted, it would require the nicest dexterity and patient care for which the Chinese are remarkable; but although they constantly endeavor to recover the exact method, the materials have been hitherto unavailing.

Asbestos.

Pliny mentions having seen napkins of cloth made of asbestos; which being taken from the table after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better cleansed than if they had been washed in water; but its principle use was, according to that author, for making the shrouds for the royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, so that the human ashes might be preserved distinct from the wood.

Central Fires in the Earth.

The increasing temperature, found at increased depths in digging the Artesian wells, more particularly that of Grenelle, in France, has been adduced by M. Arago, and other philosophers, as proof of central fires in the earth. Commander C. Morten, known as the propounder of the "electrical origin of hailstones," and the vegetable origin of the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway, and those of Staffa, merely regards the increased temperature at increased depths as the natural consequence of increased pressure of the atmosphere, and as much a matter of course as the increased cold or diminished temperature found to exist on ascending mountains according as the atmospheric pressure diminishes in the ascent. The beautiful simplicity of this theory may, perhaps, induce the conviction of its alliance with nature. In corroboration we may justly remark, that the artificial compression of air does elicit heat.—*Scientific American*

The Irish papers announce the Professor Glukman as engaged in the construction of a photographic apparatus, by which, with the aid of Lord Rosse's monster telescope, it is hoped that the delineations of the most distant planetary arrangements and movements may be obtained.

Sketches of Travel.

EXTRACTS FROM LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE U. S.

CONGRESSIONAL ELOQUENCE.

It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen from humble stations, and whose schooling has been in the back-woods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by a member of Illinois, as chairman of the Post-office Committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American republic as "the infant Hercules," and the extension of their imperial dominion over the "northern continent and oriental seas," he exclaims, "the destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly-defined shadows into our very eye-balls."

"O, why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate?"

"Must this backward pull of the government never cease, and the nation tug forever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?"

MR. WINTHROP.

One day, as we were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with Mr. Winthrop, we met a young negro woman, who came up to him with a countenance full of pleasure, saying it was several years since she had seen him, and greeting him with such an affectionate warmth of expression, that I began to contrast the stiffness and coldness of the Anglo-Saxon manners with the genial flow of feeling of this southern race. My companion exclaimed to me, that she was a very intelligent girl, and was grateful to him for an act of kindness he had once had an opportunity of showing her. I afterwards learnt, from some other friends to whom I told this anecdote, that, three years before, Mr. Winthrop and a brother member of Congress from the north had been lodging in the house of this girl's mistress, and hearing that she was sentenced to be whipped for some offense, had both of them protested they would instantly quit the house if the mistress persevered. She had yielded, and at length confessed that she had been giving way to a momentary fit of temper.

VEGETABLE PHENOMENON.

Near the house of Hopeton there was a clearing in the forest, exhibiting a fine illustration of that natural rotation of crops, which excites, not without reason, the surprise of every one who sees it for the first time, and the true cause of which is still imperfectly understood. The trees which had been cut down were full-grown pines (*Pinus australis*), of which the surrounding wood consists, and which might have gone on for centuries, one generation after another, if their growth had not been interfered with. But now they are succeeded by a crop of young oaks, and we naturally ask, whence came the acorns, and how were they sown here in such numbers?—It seems that the jay (*Garrulus cristatus*) has

a propensity to bury acorns and various grains in the ground, forgetting to return and devour them. The rook, also (*Corvus americanus*), does the same, and so do some squirrels and other Rodentia; and they plant them so deep, that they will not shoot unless the air and the sun's rays can penetrate freely into the soil, as when the shade of the pine trees has been entirely removed. It must occasionally happen, that birds or quadrupeds, which might otherwise have returned to feed on the hidden treasure, are killed by some one of their numerous enemies. But as the seeds of pines must be infinitely more abundant than the acorns, we have still to explain what principle in vegetable life favors the rotation. Liebig adopts De Candolle's theory, as most probable. He supposes that the roots of plants imbibe soluble matter of every kind from the soil, and absorb many substances not adapted for their nutrition, which are subsequently expelled by the roots, and returned to the soil as excrements. Now, as excrements cannot be assimilated by the plant which ejected them, the more of these matters the soil contains, the less fertile must it become for plants of the same species. These exudations, however, may be capable of assimilation by another perfectly different kind or family of plants, which would flourish while taking them up from the soil, and render the soil, in time, again fertile for the first plants. "During a fallow," says Liebig, "the action of the sun and atmosphere, especially if not intercepted by the growth of weeds, causes the decomposition of the excrementitious matters, and converts the soil into humus or vegetable mold, restoring fertility."

A SLAVE-PRINCE.

Under the white overseer, the principal charge here is given to "Old Tom," the head driver, a man of superior intelligence and highest cast of feature. He was the son of a prince of the Foulah tribe, and was taken prisoner, at the age of fourteen, near Timbuctoo. The accounts he gave of what he remembered of the plants and geography of Africa, have been taken down in writing by Mr. Couper, and confirm many of the narratives of modern travelers. He has remained a strict Mohammedan, but his numerous progeny of jet-black children and grandchildren, all of them marked by countenances of a more European cast than those of ordinary negroes, have exchanged the Koran for the Bible.

NEGRO SCHOLAR.

Frequent mention was made during our stay in Alabama, of a negro named Ellis, a blacksmith, who had taught himself Greek and Latin. He is now acquiring Hebrew, and I was sorry to hear that the Presbyterians contemplate sending him as a missionary to Liberia. If it were an object in the south to elevate the blacks, he might be far more instrumental in forwarding the cause of civilization and Christianity by remaining at home, for the negroes like a preacher of their own race.

"Such Fraternal Love," said Lord Beaumont, in the British House of Lords, "such brotherly protection as France was now extending to Rome, had never been seen by the world since the days of Cain and Abel!"

Miscellany.

LEILA GREY.—A BALLAD.

BY MRS. MAYO.

The tassels wave upon the birch;
The maple blushes o'er the stream;
And through the oriel of the church,
I see the May-moon's yellow beam.
O, here upon this moss-green wall,
Another year, another May,
I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
On me and Leila Grey!

Cold lay her languid hand in mine—
Pale, pale her face beside me shone;
"Sweet Leila Grey, as I am thine,
Say, say that thou art all mine own;"
She smiled—she sighed, "Behold," she said,
"Where, from the church-tower darkly
thrown,
The shadow of the cross lies spread
By yon sepulchral stone.

"There, ere the May-moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death mist will o'ercloud my eye.
But oh, dear Willie! do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here!
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year!

But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church
The golden moonlight dimly burns,
And lights the tassels of the birch;
When yonder maple, by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
O come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And seat thee by my side!"

Sweet Leila! I obey thy call;
The May-moon lights the tasseled birch,
And I upon the moss-grown wall,
Am sitting near the gray old church;
The shadow of the cross is thrown,
Where gleams a marble tablet now—
'Twas all the same twelve months ago—
But, Leila, where art thou?

A Case for the Curious.

There is, in this town, an o'd hen that with-
in a few days has been playing some queer
pranks. While engaged in setting upon a
nest of eighteen eggs, a cat within a few feet
of her, brought into being a litter of two kit-
tens. Matters went on harmoniously for a
while, when one day, in the absence of the cat,
the old hen conceived an affection for her
neighbor's progeny, forsook her nest, and
brooded the kittens. Upon the return of the
mother-cat, a fight ensued, in which the hen
actually beat off her four-legged assailant, and
the efforts of the cat, thus far, to gain posses-
sion of her offspring, have proved unavailing.
We have never seen a more singular freak
among animals than this, and we shall be pre-
pared soon, to hear that the cat has concluded
to show proper resentment by hatching out
the neglected eggs.—*Springfield Gazette.*

"ONE of the rarities of life" says Eliza Cook,
"is a woman thoroughly satisfied with her
daughter-in-law."

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent ad-
dress before the Young Men's Library Asso-
ciation at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches the
marriage scene:

I have drawn for you many pictures of
death; let me now sketch for you a brief, but
bright scene of beautiful life. It is the mar-
riage altar: a lovely female clothed in all the
freshness of youth and surpassing beauty,
leans upon the arm of him to whom she has
just given herself up forever. Look in her
eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if
you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.
See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which
impels her to leave country, parents, for a
comparative stranger. She has launched her
frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she
has handed over her happiness and doom for
this world to another's keeping; but she has
done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that
her chosen guardian and protector bears a
manly and noble heart. O, wo to him that
deceives her! O, wo to him that forgets his
oath and his manhood!

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false-hearted;
His life-blood the wolf shall lap
Ere his life be parted.

Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never! O, never!

We have all read the story of the husband
who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her
who but a few months before had united her
fate to his—"If you are not satisfied with my
conduct, go, return to your friends and your
happiness." "And, will you give me back
that which I brought to you?" asked the des-
pairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your
wealth shall go with you—I covet it not."—
"Alas!" she answered, I thought not of my
wealth—I spoke of my maiden affections—of
my buoyant hope—of my devoted love; can
you give these back to me?" "No!" said the
man; throwing himself at her feet—"No! I
cannot restore these; but I will do more—I
will keep them unsullied and unstained. I
will cherish them through my life, and in my
death, and never again will I forget that I
have sworn to protect and to cheer her who
gave up to me all she held most dear." Did
I not tell you that there was poetry in a wo-
man's look—a woman's word? See it here!
the mild and gentle reproof of love winning,
from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and
unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if
creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest
weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest bat-
tles would be unfought—how much of unhap-
piness and coldness would be avoided!

Why Don't they?

A little child being at a sermon, and observ-
ing the minister very vehement in his words
and bodily gesture, cried out—"Mother, why
don't the people let the man out of the
box?"

When a certain worthy laird had his head
taken off in the Scotch troubles, his house-
keeper freely remarked—"It was nae great
thing of a head, to be sure, but it was a sair
loss to him."

Anecdote of Archbishop Usher.

There is a story of Archbishop Usher, that
he went about and visited his clergy unex-
pectedly, and saw how they were employed,
and how their flocks fared. It is said that on
one occasion he went in disguise and begged
alms at the curate's house. The curate was
out upon his duty; but his prudent wife
soundly lectured the old man, though she
gave him relief. "For shame, old man, at
these years to go begging; these are not the
usual fruits of an honest, industrious, and
godly life. Tell me, old man, how many com-
mandments are there?" The old man, with
seeming confusion, stammered out, "Eleven."
"I thought so," said she; "go thy way, old
man; and here, take this book with thee, and
learn thy catechism; and the next time you
are asked, say ten."

The Archbishop took his departure, and had
it formally announced, that he should preach
the next day in the parish church. The morn-
ing came; little thought the good woman that
the archbishop was the old alms-beggar, till he
gave his text and comment, "A new com-
mandment I give unto you, that ye love one
another;" "It would seem," begins the ser-
mon, "by this text, that there are 'eleven
commandments'" The old man was recog-
nized, and the curate's wife acknowledged,
with some shame to herself, that there was
another, and a new commandment.

The Ram and the Deacon.

An elderly gentleman, deacon of a church
in New-Hampshire, had once been out later
than usual on Saturday evening. Next day
he attended public worship, and for his own
comfort, he being rather corpulent, seated
himself in the aisle of the church, near the
door, before which a number of sheep were
feeding, including an old ram who was an old
warrior. While the parson was engaged for
his spiritual good, the deacon was sleeping
soundly for the refreshment of his body. The
deacon wore a large white wig, and as he sat
facing the door, nodding in his sleep, the old
ram observed it, and mistaking the wig for the
head of an antagonist, and the nodding for a
signal of battle, began to shake his head, and
drew back to a proper distance for a reconter,
when the deacon, making a very low nod, the
ram supposing the enemy advancing, met him
full butt, and sent him howling half way to
the pulpit, knocking off his wig. The minis-
ter was not a little disconcerted, and the au-
dience roared with laughter. To add to the
diversion, the old deacon, recovering his legs
as soon as possible, gathered up his wig, and
putting it on, the tail before, again took his
seat, without discovering his mistake until
service was ended.

Advice to Wives.

If you find it necessary, at any time, to chas-
tise your husband, you should be careful to
perform the painful duty with the soft end of
the broom, and not the handle.

The principal study pursued in a school of
whales, is supposed to be elocution—as they
are often caught spouting.

The Editor of the Providence Star has seen
the man "who minds his own business." No
description of him is given.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER

Is our agent; Office between the West doors of the Syracuse House, No. 2, Salina St.

The Proprietor, or one of the Editors, may usually be found at their private office,

Corner of Warren and Fayette Sts., over O. S. Sumner's Store, and opposite the Episcopal (St. Paul's) Church.

To Correspondents.

J. W. V. Your letter is on file.

'Songs of Hope,' No. I., in our next.

'Hungary' will appear forthwith.

W. F. P. The *cash* was received.

We trust all these friends will favor us with frequent articles. They may be assured of a warm welcome.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

From the sickening details of barbarous battle-fields, it is truly refreshing to turn to the enlightened and Christian spectacle which, in Paris, has taken the place of scaffolds and barricades.

For there, on the 22d instant, assembled a **WORLD'S CONGRESS OF PEACE**. On the very ground so lately strewn with the mutilated corpses of citizens—where the gutters literally ran with blood shed in a fratricidal warfare—where a contest so fierce and brutal was waged that it perpetrated atrocities which would shame the most degraded savage—where neither sex, nor age, nor sacred office, were any defense against death or the torture—here, within the walls of a city *not yet relieved from the rigors of martial law*, have Nature's House of Lords assembled to legislate in love for their weak and mis-guided fellow-men.—And they have chosen a fit place for their high and holy deliberations. They are surrounded by irresistible incentives. Should they at any time become indifferent, from frequent reminiscence, to the scenes associated with the streets of Paris, they have only to turn to her cathedrals or her Assembly rooms, and lo! full upon their sight rushes a picture of the last outrage Rome sustained at the hands of the French.

Thus hedged in by mementos of violence, these men cannot fail to be inspired with an eloquence to which their brethren will listen, and listening, believe.

The preliminary arrangements are on a fit scale of grandeur. LAMARTINE, as Chairman of the French Committee of Organization, has thrown into the work all the benevolence and enthusiasm of his great soul. His associates in the movement are also among the first men in France. Of those favorable to it,—many, active co-workers—it will be sufficient to name De Tocqueville, Hugo, Carnier, Say, Liancourt, Carnot, Dufaure, and Cormenin.

Among the Americans present while the preliminary arrangements were being made, were Elihu Burrit and Geo. Sumner.

It was thought that Lamartine would be President.

The Paris Committee, in their Program, say, 'The speakers will not be allowed a discussion in favor of War. Every one will take part in the Congress on this admitted principle, that an appeal to Arms for the settlement of International

differences, is condemned alike by religion, by philosophy, and by moral and political economy; that is, that it is contrary to all the interests of humanity. The Committee of the Congress will permit a discussion only upon the *means* of abolishing War, and of substituting for that barbarous usage, rational methods for the termination of differences among the nations.'

—The session will continue three days. We shall look with deep interest for its results, which we shall notice as soon as received.

POPE PIUS IX.

Amidst the dust created by violent excitement, we are very apt to lose sight of the truth: The entire American people have been roused to a high pitch of virtuous indignation at the conduct of the Catholic powers of Europe, in regard to the Roman question. But while we must execrate the miserable policy of Austria and Spain, and still more guilty France, we must not lose sight of some points in the Pope's past history which may modify our opinion of him.

The causes which have made the most popular of princes so soon an object of detestation, are many of them beyond our reach. But among them, we may safely mention the fickleness of the Italian character and the evil counsels of his advisers. Assuming the triple crown, as he did, amidst the plaudits of people and princes, the Pope conceived his mission to be the purification of the Church and the elevation of his subjects. He set about these reforms with an earnestness that won for him the admiration of all enlightened nations. Even bigoted Protestants were warmed into praise. Would that his discretion had equaled his zeal. But guided by the shallow policy of Rossi,—indulging in the fanciful schemes generated by Gioberti—he was soon involved in difficulties of the gravest character. The dreams of the cloister were found to be inadequate to the realities of government. The people, encouraged by his concessions, demanded others; the Cardinals became alarmed, and to their influence the Pope must bow. Disheartened by the ill-effects of his liberality, and stung by the ingratitude of his people, who heaped upon him the curses which his predecessors and cabinet deserved, he seems to have resigned himself passively to the guidance of those about him.

Heaven alone knows the issue, but we cannot doubt that it will tend to the advantage of human freedom. It is thought that Pius will not return to Rome; if he does, we hope he will again be himself, and after re-engaging the affections of his people, proceed steadily onward in the good cause in which we still believe his secret sympathies enlisted.

SYMPATHY FOR HUNGARY.

The grand demonstrations which have already been made, by means of public meetings, of sympathy for the noble Magyars in their desperate struggle, do the highest honor to the nation. Still, we must remember that where we were expected to be first, in such an expression, we have only followed in the wake of English example. Invidious to the English as are our usual comparisons, this, at least, gives them a proud pre-eminence in generosity.

Let us then, if we have been dilatory, be so no longer. Let the precedents of London, of Philadelphia, and New York, animate us to a strong emulation. Let us manifest our love of freedom and utter detestation of tyranny—our compassion for the injured and our abhorrence of the oppressor

—by manifestations which shall not only re-inspire the chivalrous spirits of the Magyars, but also help equip and sustain their armies, and awe their enemies.

When shall there be a meeting in Syracuse?

LIBERALITY IN KENTUCKY.

We learn from the *Louisville Examiner*, that Dr. HOWARD MALCOLM has been obliged, by the feeling of his trustees, to resign the Presidency of Georgetown College, *because he voted for an Emancipation candidate* for the Convention.

We cannot record this circumstance without a blush for the men who could perpetrate such an outrage; for by no milder name do we dare to call it. Persecution from sects, for religious opinions, we have often seen; wanton exercise of power, for the same cause, from arbitrary Boards, we have felt; but this instance of professedly Christian men, intrusted with high religious interests, assuming to control the *political* opinions of a brother, is the saddest commentary we have yet read on sectarian charity.

Dr. Malcolm is an eminent Scholar, a writer of great vigor, and wholly devoted to his profession. He it was who built up the College at Georgetown; we shall see which is the greater loser, himself, or it.

THE SCHOOL AND THE GALLOWS.

'Society,' says Bulwer, 'has erected the gallows at the end of the lane, instead of guide-posts and direction-boards, at the beginning.'

It was said of Titian, that his genius enabled him to produce a better effect with a few bold strokes of his pencil, than other artists could by the most labored efforts. So this pithy illustration of the great novelist, sets the distorted policy of society before us in a plainer light than whole homilies could do from men less gifted.

But as homilies are expected by most people, we propose to give a short one on this text. We shall remark,

1st. That the lane represents human life.

2d. That the guide-posts figure a correct system of public and domestic education; and

3d. That those people who uphold capital punishment and strangle public education with Judas-like caresses, or let it languish for want of nourishment, refute their own argument by their own example; they being the very criminals the gallows should catch, did it answer the true ends of justice.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Common Council

At their meeting on Monday night, extended further invitations to attend the State Fair, to DANIEL WEBSTER, Gen. WOOL, and Gen. VAN RENSSLAER of Albany.

The Mayor at the same meeting, was authorized to procure the setting of lamp posts, &c., for the lighting the main streets and Clinton and Hanover squares with gas, during the State Fair.

The Distins.

These celebrated musicians gave concerts here on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Their performance on the Sax Horns was most excellent—for delicacy and taste we never heard its equal. They are truly *artistes* in their profession, and deserve all the praise they have received.

Lord Elgin,

And many more Canadians, it is said, intend to be present at the Fair.

Editorial Correspondence.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Aug. 20, 1849.

I write from the capital of the Green Mountain State, amidst the delightful scenery, and breathing the pure air which can alone be found among

"The rough rugged hills of New England."

I started from Boston on Wednesday morning, on the Fitchburg route, which has lately been connected with the Vt. Central road which at present terminates at this place. The accommodations upon this road are excellent, and the conductors of the train, civil, obliging, and gentlemanly, presenting a favorable contrast to the flippant impertinence of the same class, upon some of our more crowded thoroughfares. The scenery upon the first part of this route is like much of the scenery of eastern Mass.—rather flat and uninteresting. The hills are moderate elevations, and more resemble the rolling land of the prairies, than the abrupt peaks of a hilly country. The soil, as a general thing, is sandy and poor, and one cannot but be struck by the great disproportion between the cultivated and the waste lands. Indeed, I was informed that a late report to the Legislature, stated that only six and a half per cent of the land of Mass. was under cultivation, the rest being pasture, waste, and wood land.

A few miles after leaving Fitchburg, the heavy grade commences upon the highlands which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those of Connecticut river. Here we have the first characteristics of New Hampshire scenery, the bald, naked, granite peaks, the narrow ravines, the rocky, sterile soil, and the rushing mountain torrents. As we rise among the highlands, the view becomes more extensive, the scenery wilder, and the air purer and more invigorating.

The rail road follows the courses of the streams through these mountainous regions, and, incredible as it may appear, there are few roads in the country, of equal length, that have so little heavy grade as the one passing through the States of Vermont and New Hampshire.

From the summit, we shot down into the narrow defile through which rushes one of the branches of the Ashuelot river. The effect produced by following our fiery steeds through this winding ravine, is indelibly grand. Every successive moment produced an entirely new scene. We were one moment flying across a high embankment, with a yawning chasm on either side, the next, with the noise of thunder, hurrying through a deep cut in the rocks, and the next, winding round a point, with naked rocks rising hundreds of feet above our heads on one side, and the stream running far beneath us on the other. We occasionally caught glimpses of the Monadnock, towering up grandly in the distance, as the hills retreated so that a view could be obtained beyond them. At first, the hills bordering upon the river appeared to be almost an unbroken wilderness; but as we advanced, more traces of civilization began to appear, the valley became less contracted, the hills less rocky, and the whole scenery lost its Alpine appearance. We stopped to dine, as it is facetiously termed, at Keene; for which process we were allowed five minutes,—a striking illustration of Yankee economy of time! A more delightful situation than Keene can scarcely be conceived. The valley is considerably wider here than above or below, and consequently forms a kind of basin, which forcibly reminds one of the happy valley of Abyssinia. The hills rise in all directions to a considerable height, and are covered with verdure to their very summits, while far a-

bove them, on the east, towers the bare, rocky peaks of Monadnock. The color of the water is almost the only thing to mar the beauty of the scene,—this being of an inky hue, probably owing to the presence of iron.

From this place, we reached the valley of the Connecticut in about an hour. Although perfectly familiar with its scenery, I was not prepared for the thrill of delight which passed over me, as the green hills of Vermont, the majestic Ascutney, and the beautiful Connecticut, burst upon my view.—The route up this river to Windsor, has been so often described that I need not do it here. Bellows' Falls are in themselves well worth visiting; and there is no spot upon the whole route, not distinguished for beauty, or sublimity. The distinct characteristics of Vermont and New Hampshire scenery, cannot fail to arrest the attention of every one passing through. Although generally resembling each other, and having many features precisely similar, the outline of the hills of the former are more graceful, and less abrupt, the rocks are of a different character, and less prominent, the vegetation more luxuriant, and the streams purer and more transparent.

New Hampshire is often compared to Switzerland, and Vermont to Italy, and there may be truth in the comparison. We passed up the valley of the Connecticut to the mouth of White river, and struck off in a westerly direction along the banks of the latter stream. I much question whether there is a more beautiful valley in the world. Like some of the scenery before described, the valley is narrow, the hills high but entirely clothed with verdure, and the water of the river so clear and transparent, that like new fallen snow, it realizes the idea of perfect purity. The constant succession of views resembling each other in beauty, but different in detail, and passed with such rapidity, wearies the mind with a sense of unlimited magnificence, and creates an indescribable longing for rest in some one spot, where its charms can be enjoyed at leisure.

The cars stopped at my native town about four o'clock, P. M. About the depot, I recognized a very few familiar faces, and after a hasty greeting of the old friends that I knew, I turned my steps towards my old home.

The next day, my brother and myself went over the hills, a distance of some seventeen miles, to Woodstock. This village is situated upon the Otta Quechee, another of those crystal streams

'That roar as they go,

Or seem in their stillness

But dreaming to flow,'

and which is one of the most enchanting spots in the world. The large green in the center of the village, covered with beautiful maples, the rows of the same kind of trees that border each side of the streets, the large gardens and yards, and the general quietness, recall to mind the golden age before sin entered the world, and when venerable patriarchs gave their lessons of wisdom beneath the trees in an afternoon, or the youth danced there upon an evening.

This is the home of Jacob Collamer, the present able and efficient Post Master General, and the birthplace of Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, Minister to Constantinople, and one of the finest scholars in America, and of Hiram Powers, the world-famous sculptor. A few miles further down the river, is the birth place of James Marsh, the philosopher of New England, who has ceased to be mortal. We returned home at night, and I do not recollect of ever enjoying a ride with a greater intensity of delight. The next day, while awaiting the arrival of

the cars to go north, I was surprised by the appearance of another brother, whom I supposed to be in a distant part of the State. He was weak and emaciated, having just recovered from a severe fit of sickness; but an irresistible impulse, which he could not control, had impelled him to leave a sick bed while scarcely able, and visit the spot where he had passed so many happy hours.

But the cars; like time, wait for no man, and so, postponing the remainder of my visit, I took my departure for Montpelier, which is the present terminus of the Central railroad. The country through which this passes, is of the same character as that before described, only as we approach the mountains, the valley becomes more contracted and much wilder in appearance. We pass over the eastern branch of the Green Mountain range, which divides the waters of the Connecticut, from those of the St. Lawrence, at a grade which does not exceed about forty feet in a mile. From Montpelier, I had a night ride, in the stage, of forty miles to Burlington. This village, I found in the morning, is situated upon the side of a hill, which rises up gradually from the lake, and commands one of the finest prospects in the world. On the summit of the hill, stands the Vermont University; and between this and the lake is the large, straggling village. Champlain, with its numerous islands and capes, lies stretched out at the foot of the hills, and the opposite shore rises up from the surface of the water to moderate eminences, and is bounded in the distance by the high and rugged mountains of Essex. On the east, the view is bounded by ranges of the Green Mountains, prominent among which are Mansfield and Camel's Hump. These two peaks are of the primitive formation, and the highest in the State; and present a singular contrast to their less ambitious neighbors. The ranges of the Green Mountains are chiefly of limestone and slate, and by being covered to their very summits with vegetation, give unmistakable signs of being of secondary formation; and it is singular to see these shapeless masses of granite, towering far above them, naked, grand, and lonely.

We started at one o'clock on our return to Montpelier, and were driven over the road by Jones, a whip of the old school, well known through central Vermont. He knows all localities and every body, answers all questions civilly, pokes fun at every thing, and hates rail roads most cordially. Like Daniel Boone at the approach of civilization, he flees to the mountain fastnesses as rail roads advance, and seeks in distance to shut out the sound of the engine's whistle. But soon, the thundering of the car will be heard in the remotest regions, and thou, Jones, wilt be antiquated and laid on the shelf; only in thy dreams, living over the glory of past days, now departed fore.

We reached Montpelier about sunset, after an afternoon's drive along another of those delightful mountain valleys, through which runs the Winooski (or the Onion, as the white man hath it).—Where this stream breaks through the western range of the Green Mountains, the water is compressed into a channel but a few feet wide, and dashes over a precipice in a torrent of foam, while on either side, the bare rocks rise to a height of more than a hundred feet. Just below the principal fall, two huge rocks have been precipitated from either side of the cliff, and completely fill the passage, thus forming a perfect natural bridge.

To a person who has been wearied by traveling night and day, there is no place like home for rest; and next to home, is a well regulated hotel, where the rooms are commodious, the fare excellent, and the attention to the wants of a traveler directed by

system and civility. Such a place is the Pavilion at Montpelier; and after a five minutes acquaintance with mine host, and his very gentlemanly assistant, you feel as though you were with old friends. The Vermont Capitol is at this place, and a more noble building does not exist in the country. The everlasting granite of which it is constructed, the severe simplicity of its style of architecture, and the harmony of its proportions, are all in keeping with the character of the inhabitants of the State. The contemplation of this would give unlimited pleasure, were it not for the fact that to pay for it, the State robbed the School Fund of two hundred thousand dollars.

Yesterday was Sunday, and once more I have enjoyed the old fashioned New England day of rest. Even here, in this crowded hotel, we have had no noise, no obstreperous mirth, and nothing to mar the solemn stillness which pervades every thing around. There is something impressive and holy in the calm of a country sabbath; and the chime of bells, as it floats over hill and dale, calling out worshipers to the altar of God, has a beautiful music which fills the soul with solemn thoughts, and raises it nearer to the throne of Deity.

But the cars are off, soon, and I must close. Tomorrow night, I shall again be in Boston. There, you will hear from me again. J.

Educational.

Extracts From Lyell's Second Visit.

EDUCATION IN BOSTON.

We have yet to learn what may be the effect of encouraging men of superior energy and talent, who have a natural taste for the calling, to fit themselves for the Teacher's profession. It must doubtless entail, like every other liberal calling, such as the legal, medical, clerical, military, or mercantile, a certain amount of drudgery and routine of business; but, like all these departments, it may afford a field for the enlargement of the mind, if they who exercise it, enjoy, in a like degree, access to the best society, can exchange thoughts with the most cultivated minds in their district, and have leisure allowed them for self-culture, together with a reasonable hope, if they distinguish themselves, of being promoted to posts of honor and emolument, not in other professions, such as the clerical, but in their own. The high schools of Boston, supported by the State, are now so well managed, that some of my friends, who would grudge no expense to engage for their sons the best instructors, send their boys to them as superior to any of the private establishments supported by the rich at great cost.—The idea has been recently agitated of providing similar free-schools and colleges for girls, because they could be more easily induced to stay until the age of sixteen. Young men, it is said, would hate nothing so much as to find themselves inferior in education to the women of their own age and station.

Of late years the improvement of the schools has been so rapid, that objects which were thought Utopian even when Channing began his career, have been realized; and the more sanguine spirits, among whom Mr. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Public Board of Education, stands pre-eminent, continue to set before the eyes of the public an ideal standard so much more elevated, as to make all that has hitherto been accomplished appear as nothing. The taxes self-imposed by the people for educational purposes are still annually on the increase, and the beneficial effects of the system are very perceptible. In all the large towns, Lyceums

have been established, where courses of lectures are given every winter, and the qualifications of the teachers who deliver them are much higher than formerly. Both the intellectual and social feelings of every class are cultivated by these evening meetings, and it is acknowledged that with the increased taste for reading, cherished by such instruction, habits of greater temperance and order, and higher ideas of comfort, have steadily kept pace.

Eight years ago (1838) Channing observed that "millions, wearied by their day's work, have been chained to the pages of Walter Scott, and have owed some bright evening hours and balmy sleep to his magical creations;" and he pointed out how many of the laboring classes took delight in history and biography, descriptions of nature, in travels and in poetry, as well as graver works. In his Franklin Lecture, addressed, in 1838, to a large body of mechanics and men earning their livelihood "by manual labor," he says, "Books are the true levelers, giving to all who will faithfully use them the society and spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race; so that an individual may be excluded from what is called good society, and yet not pine for want of intellectual companionship."*

When I asked how it happened that in so populous and rich a city as Boston there was at present (October, 1845) no regular theater, I was told, among other reasons, that if I went into the houses of persons of the middle and even humblest class, I should often find the father of a family, instead of seeking excitement in a shilling gallery, reading to his wife and four or five children one of the best modern novels, which he has purchased for twenty-five cents; whereas, if they could all have left home, he could not for many times that sum have taken them to the play. They often buy, in two or three successive numbers of a penny newspaper, entire reprints of the tales of Dickens, Bulwer, or other popular writers.

SALARIES OF THE CLERGY DEPENDENT ON THOSE OF TEACHERS.

The average pay, also, of the clergy in the rural districts of New England has increased. About the middle of the last century, it was not more than 200 dollars annually, so that they were literally "passing rich with forty pounds a year;" whereas now they usually receive 500 at least, and some in the cities 2000 or 3000 dollars. Nor can there be a doubt that, in proportion as the lay teachers are more liberally remunerated, the scale of income required to command the services of men of first-rate talent in the clerical profession, must and will be raised.

Fortunately, the clergy are becoming more and more convinced that, where the education of the million has been carried farthest, the people are most regular in their attendance on public worship, most zealous in the defense of their theological opinions, and most liberal in contributing funds for the support of their pastors, and the building of churches.

* Channing, vol. ii. p. 378.

THE ONONDAGA ACADEMY, we learn, has commenced a new term under the direction of Mr. J. M. Burt, Principal, and Miss Humphrey, Preceptress.

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—"We arrived," says Stephens, in his 'Incidents of Travel' at Esneh, the ancient Matropolis, so called from the worship of a fish containing two thousand inhabitants."

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE.

The following persons have been appointed as the Faculty of the College, and have accepted the appointment:—

C. P. GROSVENOR, President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and the Hebrew Language.

L. H. WATERS, and C. L. REASON, Professors of Greek, Latin and French Languages, and Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

V. KINGSLEY, Tutor.

Mrs. ELIZA M. HAVEN, Matron, and Prof. French Language, Music, Drawing, &c.

Miss SOPHIA M. LATHROP, Prof. English Literature, &c.

The tuition in College for all branches, (Instrumental Music and Drawing excepted) is, Preparatory Department, \$5 per term, three terms a year. College Regular Classes, \$30 per annum: in all cases to be paid in advance. If the student is obliged to leave by sickness, the tuition to be proportionably remitted. Board at the boarding house, \$1.25.

Room-rent in the main edifice, \$5 per annum. For heating room (as the house is to be warmed by a common furnace) the charge will be a fair proportion of the expense, probably much less than if each room were heated by a separate stove.

Room-rent for females in boarding house, under care of the Matron and Miss Lathrop, \$3 per annum. A moderate charge will be made for heating rooms.—*Christian Contributor.*

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

The Rome Conventions.

The result of the late conference between the representatives of the two sections of the democratic party in this state is now before the country. The union which they were sent to confer about, has not been consummated, and the party is still divided against itself.

The masses of the democracy will be justly disappointed at this result, for they had made up their minds that there was no irreconcilable difference of opinion among them upon any question of public policy, and that a few fair minded and intelligent men, selected from each section, could readily arrange a basis of union which would be both honorable and satisfactory to all. It was generally supposed that such selection had been made, and that such would be the issue of their deliberations.

The responsibility for the failure of these negotiations lies somewhere, and it is proper that the proceedings of the two Conventions should be thoroughly canvassed, that the people may know whether the existing differences are irreconcilable, or whether their desires for a union have been perversely frustrated by those whom they commissioned to effect it. Happily the proceedings of the two Conventions are in such a shape that little room is left for perversion or misapprehension, and the exact degree or kind of effort made by the two bodies can be readily stated and appreciated.—*Evening Post.*

The Sultan of Turkey, Queen of Great Britain, and the President of the United States, have each given Count Wass, the Hungarian Envoy, a favorable and satisfactory reception. But Louis Napoleon, the President of France, gave him a "cold shoulder."

Literary.

NOTICES.

PARKER'S RHETORICAL READER. *Exercises in Rhetorical Reading; with a series of Introductory lessons, particularly designed to familiarize readers with the pauses and other marks in general use, and lead them to the practice of modulation and inflection of the voice.* By Richard Green Parker, A. M., Principal of the Johnson School, Boston; Author of "Aids to English Composition," &c. &c. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.; Cincinnati, H. W. Derby & Co. 1849.

Mr. Parker's "Aids to English Composition" may well claim for him the name of a national benefactor: it is an original and practical work deserving the highest praise, and should be used in every school.

But because he has made one excellent school book in a new department, we must not infer that he can enter the field of general and active competition, and bear away the prize. It is too often true that the deserved success of one good volume is the means of producing several inferior or poor ones. This, we think, is somewhat the case with our author.

His Introduction of eighteen pages, contains the entire introduction of Lindley Murray's Reader; and this occupies eleven pages of the eighteen.—His partiality to Murray's Reader is also shown by the fact that from the one hundred and fifteen Selections or Exercises which compose the body of the work, between twenty and thirty or from one fifth to one fourth are selected, in whole, or in part, from that volume. In some instances, the titles to these pieces, are altered or changed,—perhaps for justifiable reasons, perhaps for concealment. Thus this work is, to a great extent, a republication of Murray's Old English Reader, which has once been banished from our schools. Whether this fact is in its praise or otherwise, almost any individual can judge for himself.

To us, it appears like copying too liberally; and, furthermore, Murray's work, though excellent for style and morality, is too abstract, and unvaried to merit much praise as a *Rhetorical Reader*.

Many would also object to the length of some of the Extracts. This part of the work occupies about two hundred and seventy five pages; and of these, "The Deserted Village" occupies ten pages; "The Quarrel between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James," nearly twelve; an extract from Dickens, ten; one from one of R. C. Winthrop's Addresses, about nine; from another, six; from one of Prescott's writings about eight; from another eight; and from one of Walter Scott's, between eight and nine; thus making in eight Extracts or continuous articles, over seventy pages, or between one fourth and one fifth of this portion of the work.

Another objection is, that too many extracts are made from the same author, and too few from American writers. For example, we have, out of one hundred and fifteen extracts, thirteen from Thomson alone; and while we have three from Winthrop and Prescott each, we have not one from Webster, Bancroft, Sparks, Everett, Willis, Irving, Mann, Greeley, and a host of others who might be mentioned. We believe such a Reader should be an introduction to a large number of our best speakers and writers, and especially American ones; and we therefore think this part of the work evin-

ces the haste, rather than the best judgment, of the author.

Of the Introductory Lessons, embracing about one hundred and thirty pages, we have formed a high opinion, and would advise every teacher of advanced reading classes, to procure a copy, at least, for his own use. His lessons on the marks used in books, and the pauses to be observed in reading, are novel and well worthy of general attention; and so are many other points in this portion of the work.

To be found at L. W. Hall's.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. *His fortunes and misfortunes, his friends and his greatest enemy.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

To all who have read 'Vanity Fair,' or 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond,' the very name of Thackeray is suggestive of the good things contained in any book he may choose to write. Such will not fail to get 'Pendennis'—the first No. of which is just out. To those who have not read those books, we say, it is high time you did, if you would know a writer who divides the honors of humorous fiction with Dickens and Jerrold.

The wit of Thackeray is not as brilliant as that of Boz; but it is more easily enjoyed. You cannot tire in reading him. And then the principles are excellent—the moral always pointed. You rise, not wearied, but refreshed, and improved.

For sale by L. W. Hall.

THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW, for June,

Contains articles of great interest and power. 'The Methodology of Mesmerism,' is an elaborate and novel treatise, based on French and German works. 'The Ocean and its meaning in Nature,' is attractive from its very title, and will be read with interest. A Review of Macaulay's England, gives us a more accurate idea of the history than the peculiarities of the book.

Besides these, there are over a dozen shorter reviews and notices of new works.

Boston: Wiley and Coolidge.

SCOTT & Co.'s REPRODUCTIONS.

We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., the Nos. of Blackwood, for August, and the London and Westminster Reviews, for July. Each is unusually good in its own way, as our readers may gather from their contents, which give abundant assurance of good things.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, contains a fine sketch of Charles Lamb, Part XV. of the Caxtons, a Review of Romer's 'Kalooloh,' Part III. of 'The Green Hand,' a history of the Baden Insurrection, an Essay on Lamartine's last History, and No. III. of Kit North's 'Dies Boreales'—the worthy twin brother of the inimitable 'Noctes.'

THE LONDON QUARTERLY contains the following Reviews:—

1. Hershell's Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope;
2. Beattie's Life of Campbell;
3. Chess;
4. Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals;
5. The Marriage Relation;
6. Lyell's Second Visit to the United States;
7. Lord Beaumont on Foreign Policy;
8. Democracy.

—In THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, we have

1. Poems of Alfred Tennyson;
2. Ancient Assyria;
3. Literature of the Middle Ages;

4. Botany;
 5. Earthquakes in New Zealand;
 6. Freehold Assurance and Colonization;
 7. Hungary;
 8. Louis Napoleon. The French Elections;
 9. Foreign Literature;
 10. Critical and Miscellaneous Notices.
- Stoddard & Babcock are Agents for Syracuse.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, No. 276,

Contains Life and Letters of Thos. Campbell; Kester Hobson; Kit Wallace; The Royal Marriage; Cholera; The Merchant Navy; Credit, Hudsonism, &c.; Art, Ministering to Religion; Popular Superstitions; The Concert; Poetry; Miscellany.

For sale at Palmer's.

THE NORTH WESTERN EDUCATOR, and Magazine of Literature and Science. Racine: Edited and published by James L. Enos. \$1.00 a year in advance.

We have here No. 1 of the 4th volume of a respectable looking journal containing 24 pages, and a cover enriched with portraits of Gall, Slade, and the Editor! This latter is a new feature, and we commend it to the consideration of Journalists who would give their countenance to the public in general. We don't know how we should look in a vignette, but suspect that the faces of both editors protruding from under the arch in ours, with that of the Proprietor, bowed in grim significance over the pile of *duns* under that hand, would form a picture which could not fail to draw, immensely; it would draw tears, if nothing more.

Seriously, we think the *Educator* a very good thing. Most of the original articles are written by the editor, from which we judge him a man of industry, and this we commend. The fact of his being devoted to education, speaks well; we trust it may not be that kind which would cast the child's mind in a mould of antique superstition, and cultivate prejudice rather than intelligent liberality.

THE NEW GRAEFENBERG WATER-CURE REPORTER. H. Foster, M. D., Editor. E. A. Kittredge, M. D., Cor. Editor.

This is a comparatively new Journal, commenced last January, at Utica. It is published by R. Holland, Proprietor of the New Graefenberg Water-Cure, in Oneida Co., and edited by the resident physician. Thirty-two pages are given monthly, at the low price of one dollar, in advance—forming a fine volume at the end of the year.

We cordially recommend the *Reporter*, as being a journal of high interest and usefulness, and one which every family might read with profit.

See our Advertising columns for Prospectus.

AURORA BOREALIS.

Out in a new dress,—finer than ever. Falconbridge is sharp as a shrew and withal full of fun and fancy.

Send \$2 for a year's subscription, to Thos. M. Cooper & Co., Boston, Mass.

OLIVER AND BROTHER'S PICTORIAL TEMPERANCE ALMANAC, for 1850. New York: Oliver and Brother.

The title of this Almanac leaves us nothing to say but that it is large and well executed, mechanically and otherwise.

Our thanks are due Dr. Buchanan for the back Nos. of his *Journal of Man*.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—The *Journal du Havre*, of July 25, says: "There is talk of a treaty between France and the United States of America, respecting literary property. The primary negotiations on the subject have already been entered upon, by the Minister of France, at Washington."

The wish for treaties of this kind, on the part of France and England, and perhaps of Germany, will probably be increasingly felt in view of the vastness of our reading community; but whether the wish will ever be met by us is doubtful.—*Journal of Commerce*.

LORD BYRON'S POSTHUMOUS LETTERS.—A collection of Lord Byron's unpublished letters are about to be issued from the press in New York, by Maj. George Gordon Byron of the British Army, who is understood to be a near relative of the noble poet.—*Tribune*.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamer Canada.

England.

The cholera continues to increase.

Lola Montes, *alias* Countess of Landsfeldt, *alias* Mrs. Eliza Rose Anna Gilbert James, *alias* Mrs. Heald, has been arrested, at London, on a charge of bigamy. As Miss Gilbert, she was married to Lieutenant James, of the army, in 1837; a divorce was obtained in 1842, but denying either party power to again marry. In July last, she married Mr. Heald, a young man in the army. His aunt has instituted this suit. Her former husband, now captain James, is with his regiment in Bengal.

She was held for examination, and bail taken for her appearance, to the amount of £2,000.

Ireland.

The Queen was not very warmly received at Cork. No illumination was prepared.

France.

The Minister of Finance presented in the Assembly, a statement for the past ten years, during which time there has been a constantly increasing deficit. He demands a loan of 200,000,000 francs, and asks leave to amend the taxes.

There was a debate on the Italian question, between M. Jules Favre, who seems to have taken Ledru-Rolin's leadership, and the Ministers De Tocqueville and Falloux. The Ministers assume the apologetic tone, and plead the best of intentions.

The President has returned from his visit to the Loire. The apprehensions of a blow for the crown seem to have subsided.

A change of Ministry is rumored.

Italy.

Oudinot is recalled, and Rostolan appointed commander-in-chief.

The Pope's commissioners have arrived in Rome, and commenced by dissolving the whole Roman army.

Garibaldi is said to have laid down his arms in the little Republic of San Marino, and demanded its protection. Another rumor says he has defeated a large Austrian corps sent to arrest him, and that many Hungarians and others, had joined him.

Three U. S. ships are said to have entered Venice with money and provisions for the besieged, who still hold out bravely.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany returned to Florence on the 28th ult., and was received with much enthusiasm.

The treaty between Austria and Sardinia has been concluded.

Hungary.

It is almost impossible to get at the details correctly. But it is almost certain that the Hungarians are successful—that their enemies are suffering greatly from their harassing mode of warfare, and from disease and want. Still, the Czar is continually sending in fresh troops. The Circassians have seized this opportunity to re-take many strong fortresses, and will assist the Magyars by their efforts in their own behalf. The Turks, too, are on the best terms with them.

Though there are rumors of the defeat of Paskiewitch, yet nothing positive is known. The Russian generals seem to be making desperate marches, and wearing out their troops, without gaining any advantage.

The Hungarian garrison at Comorn are in excellent condition. Since Haynau's departure, they make frequent sallies, and with great effect. Haynau has sacked and burned the city of Csongracl, because he was not well treated by the inhabitants. He is endeavoring to succor the Ban, whose situation is critical.

The Vienna journals seem very gloomy. No official accounts, of late, are published. It is apprehended that another insurrection in Austria may occur. The government has made a new levy of troops, which is feared the people will not submit to with patience. Funds have fallen 32 per cent since the war commenced.

It is admitted that the important fortress of Temesvar is taken by the Magyars after an obstinate defense. They are also said to have received 50,000 percussion loaded muskets from England.

It is said that Raab, with large stores has fallen into the hands of the Magyars.

Switzerland.

The Confederation seem resolute to maintain their rights. But the French Ambassador has signified to them that they must not reckon on France for aid, as that power looks with displeasure on any attempt at arming for war, as it has a tendency to create a revolutionary spirit.

By the last accounts, this difficulty was said to be honorably settled.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The papers announce the death of Dr. Seward, father of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward.

It is thought that the Florida troubles will not be serious. Still, it is in anticipation to remove the Indians to the West. Gen. Twiggs has orders to treat them with all consideration.

Boston, August 24.

The cholera is fast disappearing from among us, and our daily reports are discontinued.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—The Board of Managers of this organization have issued in pamphlet form a program of arrangements to be observed on the occasion of the approaching Fair at Castle Garden, Oct. 2.

EXTRACTS.

HUNGARIAN POLICY.—In Warsaw, even the dead diplomatic grenadiers about the Emperor are thrown into ecstasies of astonishment at the pimpleness with which a vast *corps d'armee* of some 40,000 men, with upward of 100 guns, has performed a march which a single traveler with a knapsack on

his back could hardly have completed in less time. The exquisite discipline, not only of the army, but of the whole nation is a matter of wonder. No vain, futile, lost resistance. No; they bow the Austrians and Russians into their towns with the civility which Judith might have shown to Holofernes, before she revenged Israel. They come before the invader with bread and fruit. Not a taunt nor a frown perceived on any side. And then a bulletin is sent to Vienna about the joy of the people at being delivered from their oppressors, their terrorizers. Two days afterward there are dim rumors of the loss of an army.

A torn fragment of some few thousand survivors makes its way out of the wreck, gasping such bulletins as no Government dares publish. The vengeance of this smiling, loyal people, descends like a flashing scimitar upon the neck of its unwary victim. Paskiewitch says in his dispatches to Warsaw, that the peasantry lie so systematically that it is impossible for the most wary General not to be deceived by them. A great force is reported to be in such a place with splendid mendacity by a dozen poor bumpkins, who would tell no other tale were they broken on the wheel, and yet know there is not a single Honved or hussar there. So that when a blow comes it leaps like a thunder-clap out of the air, stunning, annihilating.

Paskiewitch, it is said, will be allowed to march to Debreczin, just as Haynau is allowed to march to Ketskemet. He will find a void before him.—The armies which he is seeking to crush will flee his grasp like water. Meantime he receives continually orders from Warsaw, urging him to an engagement, which only add to his confusion; for it is about as easy for this Russian to force Gorgey to fight him as it is for a bear to catch a grayhound. As to cutting off Gorgey from Dembinski, that will advantage the Russians nothing, while they keep so active an enemy between them and Galicia, threatening their communications from Koschau to Bistritz. The plan of the Hungarians is evidently to wear out the Czar's great war machine. To an army, fighting is life; marching and counter-marching, always expecting an enemy and never meeting one, except in the way in which a bull may be said to meet a gad-fly, is the source of weariness, demoralization, disease, disorganization. Meanwhile, now and then, as opportunity occurs, a blow will be dealt.

MAMIANI BANISHED.—On the 25th ult., Count Mamiani was summoned before the police, when it was intimated to him in a brutal manner, that he must quit Rome within 24 hours. On his protesting against such an unparalleled exercise of power, he was told that being a man of such influence he could not be permitted to continue in Rome, and if he did not quit that place in the time specified, he would be removed by force. The respectable inhabitants of the city were perfectly shocked on the receipt of this news, for all classes unite in honoring Mamiani for his great literary attainments as well as his civic courage.

The *Paris Nationale* states that it is expected the Pope will return to Rome about the 13th inst.

DIPLOMATIC AGENT OF HUNGARY.—Count Samuel Wass has recently arrived in the United States in the capacity of Diplomatic Agent from the new Government of Hungary. M. Wass was originally dispatched by Kossuth and his Ministry to Constantinople, Paris and London in the same quality, and having discharged his mission to those Governments, near which Hungary has permanent agents, his ultimate destination was fixed for this country. As his special credentials to our Government have

not yet arrived he has made no official application for reception at Washington, though he has had the honor of a private interview with the President. Previous to his departure from Hungary, M. Wass had taken an active part in the War of Independence, both as a member of the National Diet and in the field. We trust that his residence in this country, as the Envoy of the Hungarian people, may be a long and a happy one. His lodgings for the present are at 47 Bond-st., in this city.—*Tribune*.

PIUS IX. AND THE FRENCH SAVIORS OF LIBERTY.—Pius IX. has expressed his gratitude to the French army and to France in the following autograph letter, written to General Oudinot:

MONSIEUR LE GENERAL.—The well-known valor of the French arms, supported by the justice of the cause which they defend, has reaped the fruit due to such arms—victory. Accept, Monsieur le General, my congratulations for the principal part which is due to you in this event—congratulations not for the blood which has been shed, for that my heart abhors, but for the triumph of order over anarchy, for liberty restored to honest and Christian persons, for whom it will not henceforth be a crime to enjoy the property God has divided among them, and to worship with religious ardor, without incurring the danger of loss of life and property. With regard to the grave difficulties which may hereafter occur, I rely on the Divine protection. I think it will not be without use to the French army to be made acquainted with the history of the events which occurred during my Pontificate; they are traced out in my allocution, with which you are doubtless acquainted, but of which I nevertheless send you a certain number of copies, in order that they may be read by those whom you may think it useful that they should be acquainted with them. This document will sufficiently prove that the triumph of the French army has been gained over the enemies of human society, and will of itself awaken sentiments in the minds of every right-thinking man in Europe, and in the whole world. Col. Niel, who, with your honored dispatch, presented to me the keys of one of the gates of Rome, will hand you this letter. It is with much satisfaction I avail myself of this opportunity to express to you my sentiments of paternal affection, and the assurance that I continually offer up prayers to the Almighty for you, for the French army, for the Government, and for all France.

Receive the Apostolic benediction which I give you from my heart.

(Signed,)

PIUS, P. P. IX.

Gaeta, July 5.

ABD-EL-KADER.—This gallant Moorish chieftain is still kept in durance by the French government. The violation of promise committed by former dynasty is continued by the present one, and in answer to his petitions for release, he has been answered, that the government is afraid he will not keep his word. It must, therefore, by this peculiar fear, continue to violate its own.—*N. Y. Courier*.

France would make a good bargain by exchanging Louis Napoleon for the Moor.—*Boston Post*.

MARRIAGE OF LOLA MONTEZ, (Countess of Landsfeldt.)—This notorious woman, whose connection with the late events of Bavaria will be in the recollection of our readers, was married on Thursday to Geo. Trafford Heald, Esq., of the 2d Life Guards. The ceremony took place first at the French Catholic chapel, and subsequently, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Mr. Heald is a very young man, having not long since attained his majority. His income is stated to be about £14,000 per annum.—*Standard of Freedom*.

ALARMING DEPRESSION OF TRADE.—Fourteen hundred tailors are now in London totally unemployed, hundreds daily applying for relief to the houses of call; the funds are, however, exhausted. Nine hundred shoemakers out of work have their names on the books, and 1,700 are working for half wages. The curriers and leather-dressers are in the same situation. There were never known so many working jewelers out of employ, and meetings of the trades are now holding to petition Parliament for protection against the competition of foreign labor.—*Morning Post*.

GLEANINGS.

☞ An Iron building is in process of erection, on the corner of Center and Duane sts., N. Y.

☞ It appears that by far the greater number of cholera cases in St. Louis, have been foreigners, generally Germans and Irish recently arrived.

☞ Mr. Cobden says that Russia has an army on paper without a commissariat, a navy without sailors, and a military chest without a farthing in it.

☞ Rev. Mr. Green, Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the University of North Carolina, has received and accepted the appointment of Bishop of the diocese of Mississippi.

☞ General Harrison's family residence is offered for sale.

☞ **REVERSE OF FORTUNE.**—Of all the members of the French Provisional Government of 1848, Lamartine and Cremieux alone are now in the Assembly. All the others are in disgrace or exile.

☞ **ANOTHER FIGURE.**—Good calicoes are selling in San Francisco at two cents a yard!

☞ Dr. Van Ness, of New York, has been prosecuted for neglecting to report to the Board of Health.

☞ At the annual commencement of Geneva College, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Alfred B. Street, Esq., of Albany.

☞ Alleyne Otis, Esq., of Boston, son of the late Harrison Gray Otis, has been appointed Secretary of Legation to Paris.

☞ **BOOK-KEEPING BY ITALIAN ENTRY.**—"Punch" says, that "Rome is the Capital of the world, and may be best invested by adding French Principle to Austrian interest."

☞ **AUSTRIAN MERCY.**—A village justice of the peace, near Ogdenburg, Austria, lately seized one of Kossuth's emissaries, and caused his tongue to be cut out.

☞ Mazzini is protected in Rome by two passports.

☞ In one of the counties of Kentucky, they make their candidates pledge themselves "in favor of the next war."

☞ It is stated that Lord Brougham intends visiting the United States this fall.

☞ The veteran French Marshal Moltiter, has died in Paris, aged 79 years.

☞ The elevation of Sergeant Talfourd to the Bench of Common Pleas, has elicited the unqualified approbation of the whole London press.

☞ A medal in honor of Mazzini and the Roman, is to be struck in London, where a subscription is also open for Italian exiles.

☞ Cabrera, the indomitable Carlist General, has arrived in Paris.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, performers of great merit, are about to leave England, on a visit to this country.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, have been playing an engagement to very thin houses in Liverpool.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

The *N. Y. Pathfinder* thus compliments us.—The sentiment referred to we consider as important as its expression is felicitous, but cannot in justice claim its paternity. We trust it is not vanity for us to say that an occasional compliment like this, *from the heart*, does much to encourage us in a somewhat doubtful and thankless enterprise.

"Education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant."

"The above sentiment is from the Syracuse *Literary Union*, a large and beautiful quarto sheet, edited with much ability by Messrs. J. M. WINCHELL and JAMES JOHNNOTT. "Old Syracuse," the boasted "Central City" of our State, is well represented abroad in her literary character by such a journal."

The Literary Union.

The above is the title of one of the best literary papers with which we have become acquainted. Its matter is chaste and methodically arranged; typographical accuracy, proper grammatical construction, and general neatness of execution, are its marked characteristics. In short, it is just what its name implies, *the LITERARY UNION*, and we feel great satisfaction in numbering it among our exchanges.

The Union is issued every Saturday, in Syracuse, and is afforded at \$2 a year, invariably in advance. —*Cortland Co. Express*.

A Mysterious Case.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Keesville, stated that a female passenger fell overboard from the steamer "Saranac," and that the Captain, under the advice of his passengers, made no effort to rescue her, and she was drowned! It now appears, that suspicions were soon excited that the alarm was false; it was raised by a young woman at the stern of the boat, and that she was the identical Mrs. Parsons, of Plattsburg, who was reported overboard, and circumstances tended to confirm the suspicion. The *Keesville Republican* says:—It is now reported, and it is probably true, that no woman fell overboard, but that it was Mrs. Parsons who reported herself as having fallen overboard, as a ruse to accomplish some yet unexplained purpose. She changed her dress at St. Albans and went on to Montreal in disguise, where she was found by her friends, and returned to Plattsburg this morning.—*Eve. Mirror*.

A Novelty at College.

At the commencement of Middlebury College, on the 25th July, there was a novelty among the speakers. The Latin salutatory was delivered by a colored youth, and he acquitted himself well. He subsequently appeared upon the stage and delivered an oration in English.

We learn, that in addition to the regular steamers on the first of each month from Panama to San Francisco, the Pacific mail Company have determined to despatch an extra steamer about the middle of September, if there should be one in port, as it is supposed there will be.—*Jour. of Commerce*.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.—President Shannon, of Bacon College, Ky., a distinguished divine of the pro-slavery persuasion, declares the Declaration of Independence to be an "infidel" production, and some of its sentiments "anti-scriptural and absurd."

Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his **Hat and Fur Store** opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, *Genesee Street*, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line,

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THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

This Publication is issued monthly under the patronage and direction of MASSACHUSETTS TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. Each No. contains 33 pages, with a cover, at the subscription price of \$1.00 a year, in advance. The second volume begins with January, 1849. The attention of the Friends of Education in general is respectfully called to this work, and their subscriptions solicited.

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Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of **Teeth** on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

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Eclectic Magazine	\$6 per year, 50c. No.
Knickerbocker do.	5 " 44 "
Hunt's Merch't's do.	5 " 44 "
Am. Whig Review, 5	" 44 "
Littell's Living Age, 6	" 12½ weekly.
Democratic Review, 3	" 25 monthly.
Graham's Magazine, 3	" 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book, 3	" 25 "
Blackwood's do., 3	" 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag. 3	" 25 "
Holden's Dollar do. 1	" 12½ "
Ladies' National do. 2	" 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath, 1	" 9 "
" Family Circle, 1	" 9 "
Merry's Museum, 1	" 9 "
N. Amer Review, 1	" 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do. 3	" 75 "
Westminster do. 3	" 75 "
London do. 3	" 75 "
North British do. 3	" 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation. Tribune. Scientific American. Organ. Spirit of the Times. Home Journal. Police Gazette. Literary World. New York Herald. Sunday Mercury. Ned Buntline's Own. Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam. Yankee. Flag of our Union. Museum. Pilot. Yankee Blade. Olive Branch. Star Spangled Banner.

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LONDON.—Illustrated Times. News. Punch. W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

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The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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[Corrected weekly for the Literary Union.]

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Indian Meal, cwt.	1 25	Fine Salt bbl.	75
Corn, bu.	50	Solar,	1,75
Oats,	30 a 31	Bag 20 lbs.	10
Barley,	50	" 28 "	14
Rye,	48	Salt bbls.	22
Potatoes,	63	Flour,	26
Onions,	50	Sheep Pelts	50a1,00
Beans,	75	Lamb Skins	40a75
Apples,	1,00	Hard Wood cord	4,00
Dried Apples,	75	Soft Do.	1,75a2,25
Butter, lb.	14	Beef on foot	4,00a4,50
Cheese,	6a7	Pork cwt.	5,00a5,50
Lard,	7a8	" bbl.	12,50a14,00
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Syracuse, Feb. 4th, 1849

PROSPECTUS OF

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